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# *The Short Stories*

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*Sachiko Tamaki*

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\* The first and the third story contain violence, shocking and obscene expressions.

Nevertheless, the first and the second stories are set along with the factual historical events and material as the readers refer to the foot notes, all the three are consisted of fictional plots and characters, and the scientific fact of the third story is applied to the fictional drama.

# *Foreword*

The train rattled on the way between Geneva and Zurich in Switzerland. The summit of the Alps was always very white and such pure beauty made me think of my destiny of that evening when I had left my writing room in Ramsgate, and as well as about the place where I am now. The neutrality of Switzerland, even during the WWII, and it is very difficult to be maintained, yet it can be, mostly the essential form of human being.

The three short stories were written with my high aspiration to be adapted to films. I like pure entertainment, for being read, many times, repetitively, and lingering almost infinitely in the minds.

These simple writings had, in fact, required detailed research, but the entangling arts about mankind were, eventually rilled into the stories about the adorable characters, hopefully, you may also, you would disapprove of nobody, wouldn't you?

My heartfelt appreciation is especially for the factual information online and the books moreover such as the music, the photos, enormously, inspired me.

I have been preparing for my fourth story, and I will see you, soon.

Yours sincerely,

Sachiko Tamaki

Spring 2014 in Switzerland

# *Stories & Pages*

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# **Heaven's Breath**



Soporific mists were always lukewarm for Helena's body to be formed. From somewhere, cacophonous sound of motor vehicles and people's voice, whether those were actually heard by her, and she wondered if it was the same as the one's that she had heard in her dream.

She knew well about, she may have been happier in her slumber, because it often taught her about genuine azure of the transparency, she could forget about time, there was nothing there, but she was able to believe promised tranquillity in void only in this sphere of her life.

When she flicked her face towards the edge of the pillow and peculiar laugh, as poignancy reflected on her with the afternoon sun, if Arnold had been there, moreover such thought occurred every beginning of a day.

In these occasions, the most of the tenderness was vivacity from the out side of the window, as she adored conjuring up the picture of Arnold under the radiance of the buildings in London street, being surrounded by the people in astute faces and square jackets, her brilliant idea about them was that those inside of the bowling hats might have contributed to their work with numeracy, as if the stream lined plume of the float that could be finally unfurled on the bed for Arnold and her. Sudden exuberance awoke her body more than returning to the world with the closed eyes by the accustomed fact of his visiting her at the half past six in the evening, he would open the door of her chamber, who came from where was filled

with the different sorts of hopes than her place and he would say, ‘Can you play that piano for me?’, his customary in his hustle never took rest, very quickly, hand gloves and thin coat, though she longed for touching the fabric of it, which had been together with him, thus attempted to hook it on the hungers, yet he always did on his own.

He had one melody that he loved to listen to it, more than her, perhaps, yet he didn’t have other words than ‘Can you play that piano for me?’ and he would select her piano than the gramophone still in silence and the shiny black with the pit alone, all of those had been gifted from him.

After the every sunset, he was listening, unpronounced mind of Helena, they were very certain that the house was explained the existence only by the isolated street lamps, their stains were completely inert except the rusty phosphorescence on the tenacious memory of the asphalt.

The electric candlestick was lit, before the cosy tepidity trembled them, the moment of abyss by venetian blind hiding the chamber from every parts of the concoction of purple and grey firmament.

The carafe of water on the bedside table had been already in wrong heat and the bottled lavender oil, how repentance it was for having been not yet behind the oval pieces of cotton, despite the set on the tray had been being there since the servant girl<sup>1</sup> had served it for Helena’s room during the hour for a cup of tea.

Just as her fingers were on the shame of the bottle, pure chuckle for the image of their shadow being reflected on the wall. The peacock could precisely have the spectrum of feathers but utterly black.

‘No, your index finger should be here, and a little slant of your wrist.’ She felt Arnold in her back to draw the shadow- bird on the wall. He picked up the bottle, gazing at the honey colored liquid made the star on the ceiling, and hummed, ‘Don’t you like to drive with me?’ She was always very happy about his plans of the journey and the reception of the house as his payment on her was not in her eyes.

The air of the autumn was sweet of her as she could go down stairs without a cape for having brunch in the dining room.

She had never ever eaten meals in her chamber and had never felt specified appetite ever before as well. One choice for one instinct if there was such creed, it can be the affection of stimuli more than to starve.

She altered her tunic to the knee length velveteen in maroon and took fury step on the carpet of elegant indigo to the basement kitchen by passing the hallway that spoke eternity nevertheless nobody were there.

When she took small lump of croissant dipped into a boat of fondue, though it resonated throughout her, Helena was concentrating on the calendar exhibiting October on the wood wall and searched for today with peculiar infatuation horizontally emerged. It was a whim of nostalgia about the residue of Arnold before the night, which remained almost every time after he had left her room, such lingering effervescence of human essence had been thought to be perpetually turning the pages for the diaries of the epochs.

Aroma from the flowers of their merriment were bliss of photosynthesis, so that she opened the window, how did the breeze carry the artificiality of the town below, being harmonized with the atmosphere from where the celestial cloud lives? She felt unnecessary to turn on the light by the bouquets of orchids and their agreement with the beads - strings around her delicate neck as those were very favorable for the hours. She sat on the stool for the instrument and graceful fingers were for the colorful passion from the monochrome interaction of thought to dear Arnold, but she didn't know enough about the sound until she heard the equivalent tune from the out side as if it was the veiled communication by their fate, like a dream, but it was indeed, her reminiscence of the sufficient nothingness in her slumber and her conscious was encircled by centrifugal force of the white walls and eternity, those were toyed with the air along the melody and repetitive summon of her reverie .

Even when Arnold opened the door, she was not herself, but during the next day only were her feet on the street to trace the piano, she might have known the city's pulses as if her first experience despite she was born there, as it made her mind restore by the rugged ground against her suede of moccasins and the passers- by whom she glimpsed under her cloche.

There was a small pub just the corner of the narrow alley behind where she lived, the piled litters, which had lived with the sun until then. Her hesitation for the expected dim inside was betrayed by the creaking door and her desire to maintain routine attitude to halt the man on the piano.

‘Sorry, has it not yet been time for me?’.

‘Yes, it’s the time for you, but I can give you only pints of beer.’

‘The piano, I want. I mean, I want you to be in front of it’.

She looked at the side of his face while he was playing the tune, and confirmed the existence of the nearest distance, who never let her mind away nevertheless there was truly the flowing river within it, the river that never arrived into the sea. His face suddenly turned to her and a moment of silence.

‘You may also love this.’

If there is a time when people had a very strong power from sadness, it would be those fortissimo of the sound, which she hadn’t listened ever before had a clear rhythm to be felt so.

‘May you love it? We are living towards those tops of cadences. You think so?’.  
He asked Helena.

‘I think I want to. I have to go for today, am I allowed to be here again?’

‘Anytime if you like. I am upstairs until I began to play. I am Fred.’

On her return, London’s smile of preparation for their dines, isolation of the whore house, before she entered the place, she looked up the street lump of the ethereal peace.

At the night with Arnold, the bottle of lavender was fallen on to her chamber’s floor.

Pale colored round skirt, laced cape on her wool and the excitement in the morning was encouraged by the mirror, the discovery of the different aspect of her own. She was happy to exist distinctively on the alley street and more with the employer’s entrance behind the pub.

Fred had been yet on his bed, the figure of the nightgown gave her shyness of pleasure.

‘ You knew? Sorry, there is no piano in my room, but …’

Just when Fred was about to say something, they heard the bell from somewhere in the city.

‘ Ah .... , but, it seems to be all right’.

His place was cramped with the bottles of alcohol, books and the papers that were filled with the staves. The beauty of the five lines was exactly on them and she really liked where everything surrounding him was all what he liked.

The small window might have been always smoky, as she leant towards the pane, it cooled too steamy rapture of her.

‘ I promise the shine, without nagging you, Fred.’

She couldn’t have the idea how long ago when she gripped a mop and a broom without the servant girl.

Many laugh and talks, she took a shower standing on the rickety tray, the shaving cream on the washbasin was the same as Fred’s smell and she was certain about it on their bed.

‘ Have you ever been to the war<sup>2</sup>?’

She asked Fred as she looked at the smudge on his arms.

‘ Yes, I have known a lot of deaths just before the middle of my twenties. If I made the words for all of them, we also have to go another world soon after those.’

‘ Have it hurt you yet?’

‘ Why you think so?’

‘ ... The faint air of this room, is it for antiseptic?’

He softly embraced her with dissolving laugh,

‘ No, don’t, my darling, it may be for the spirits bottles of my war where I had done nothing for that.’

He might have murmured something, but at that time she was rather hearing another sound in her closed eyes, the sound of the rain in her slumber.

‘Come, here, Helena, you, Helena, in just the street from my house, aren’t you? ‘ The voice was came from the hazy air.

After the school, she was waiting for her mother along side the tramway, but the guy under awning called her.

‘ Jove so lovely, it was first time to look your face in short and sorry if it was the last for me. I got this, today.‘

The note in his palm didn’t know the rain, being inscribed as the conscription bill<sup>3</sup> and he picked out minuscule amber phial from his purse.

‘ Helena, very darling of me, listen, you need to put one of them in your father’s drawer and the other you should keep it. Nothing bad, you know, but if, if you were to hate this world more than your delight, you can take this.’

He disappeared and instead, the ceiling of Fred’s room was above her as if surreal continuity of the fog.

She was not able to remember the guy’s face, but in stead, more real memory about the fire in hearth, lit by her father, it was eight years ago, in order to eradicate hundreds of documents from his drawers.

After that, none of his friends had visited her family.

She had overheard only the words,

‘... wherefores of the prudence for DORA<sup>4</sup>,  
whose ominous name had echoed from the chilling darkness.

The solitude of the oil lamp in Fred’s room was not enough to find him and the pub under floor told her by the pounding din, that he was there.

She was too exhausted to move her body and was aware the fillet of haddock and the slice of bread under the doomed glass cover on the table. Salty taste and the crispy fabric of grain, it was enchantment of the meal by her palate and belly, an evidence of life to be mesmerized.

She completed her dress and obtained the clumsy way to the down stair.

‘Welcome! My darling, Helena, guys, please cheer your glass to Helena!‘.

His voice was more than the gramophone, the pub was filled with the people who sang and danced around. Gleaming reflection of the translucence and dilated excitement of Fred, who eventually stood up on the stool and revealed the remnant of wound on his calf and orated,

‘I’ve got this during the battle by the bullet slashed the flesh of here, but I soon got back at it, throwing the grenade towards the dozens.’

Polyphonic applause was the reaction by the audience and Fred plunged on the seat for the piano with the woman of Helena’s age.

One of his hands on her shoulder and the other was as if the soldier who had lost his arm and played that rhythm by only one of his fingers.

He never heard Helena’s almost spontaneous whisper,

‘That scar on your leg is not for the war.’

She rushed towards the exit and she turned back only once when she was hailed by the gentle, but sturdy guy.

‘Excuse me, madam, if we are granted your pen of concession, we would be grateful, we beg your notion, regarding the restriction of abortion.’

Though the outside of the night was little ahead of the chilly season, such generosity of nature interrogated her more seriously than the pain in the pub.

Because it told her about the prolonged sleep in the Fred’s bed without going back to her house for Arnold.

The forlorn route to the house had been already within the predestined buildings, shops, even those railings and her intuitive glance at the passing cab, the couples’ faces in happiness from the side window.

She arrived her own place, and saw the retreat of her bed being made by the creases, the fatigued light shone the emptiness of the room, albeit it could have also been by Arnold who had cared about her not to feel darkness and desolation, perhaps, the farewell of illumination and such a pain of her insight.

She hated mostly herself, who was fondling the wince of the sheet in the image of the engraved injury on Fred’s body and when it became the item of reality, the phial of poison in the old day was kept in her hand.

Her morning was the midnight for days, the servant girl hadn't served for her room and Arnold hadn't visited.

And one afternoon, she was again in front of the entrance to the pub.

‘Fred, as the door allowed me.’

‘It’s not the time for the piano, but I am writing what you might like to listen.’

‘Will you be with me for tonight?’

‘If you stay with me.’

The bottle of red wine on the instrument was a human shape, thus there was nothing bizarre for the moment of her opening it, as if she was called to uncork it by someone, after Fred had lost the control of his hand and had said,

‘Bestow me for very minutes’  
and he had gone to the upstairs.

The tiny amber phial from the pocket of her skirt.

She saw him came back to the floor walking towards the glass of wine and took the stem of it almost at the same time with her.

She was happy to drink it on her own and she no longer hated herself who might have been going to dead rather than him, but his power of persistence for the glass was more severe as if he struggled to survive,

‘Thank you, Helena’, only his throat was calm solitude.

Although the newspaper for the next evening reported on Fred’s body in the pub, whose one of the arm was bruised with pricks of the needles for the syringe to saturate the arid torment, it never informed about his happiest face for the end and all the articles were about a new day after a new day.

Arnold was on the sideway of the Thames, the daily in his hand, the quarterly folded paper exhibited the page, ‘Shoot up, oil stock’,<sup>5</sup> made him incessantly chuckling by the double or the triple of his shares.

He held one of the certificates<sup>6</sup> by his hands, being propped on his elbows above the support, together with the headline and he read it again and again. What was he discussing about with the papers for such long? When he was for the next to take action, numbed his forearms were enough to release the papers into the river.

Completely stupefied of his mind, suddenly, by what he lost and the beauty of those like the peacocks' fly and the tuned flow of the river, carried it away as the Helena's piano.

Arnold's heartbeat continued, but the sudden explosion of tears led weep of roar, unbeatable sobs and the scorching soul culminated in throwing up everything from his stomach.

The dirt followed those wings of papers, but the old phial was still under the water.

## ( Footnotes)

1. In the ancient period, they were originally called the water boy (girl).

However, the servant is the modern version of their name of the employees for the place for prostitution.

2. The World War I.

3. The Military Service Act in 1916.

4. The Defense of the Realm Act in 1914.

5. The prices of the oil were stabilized in the latter half of 1922. Those were at approximately 80 % above the summer of 1914.

6. A stock certificate

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**in Ramsgate, England**

# Riddle of the Lake



The miracle of the small village, Uncle Isaac's haberdashery, whose an only grand child, Douglas dashed into the store, after delivered their goods to Mrs Doris who lived in the next to me, and clashed into the case, something was flown away with the slippery sound, he apologetically touched the edge of the top of the square and in a few seconds, astonished to turn back despite he was a deaf. Those were the buttons, it could have been even more the mountain, like the golden butterflies and the shy light pink of the primroses or spreading out as jewels over the concrete floor, what a beauty of the sparkle stones, if it had been genuine stones it would have been also a miracle of the haberdashery at the corner of the street.

I tried to help Douglas, but Uncle Isaac calmly resolved about the tiny box that might have been made by him,

‘No, Nancy let him settle those on his own.’

‘Hullo, Nanzy’,

Douglas bent down and began to pick them into where should have been and he sometimes peeped at the lamp above through the button holes and was jubilant for colorful spools, ribbons and sheets of felt, many people may have believed if I had said that those were the feast of the castle in the toy box.

‘Don’t dawdle, Douglas, you have prodded the button case just before.’

The owner's grandchild had very difficult illness since he was born, his part of the brain to keep what he had known almost didn't work at all.

My father once had talked about him, 'It is called amnesia, and hippocampus, it is broken', and as I tried to remember such difficult words, I always conjured up the procession of hippos, but I was not sure why it was flown in my mind.

'Dankyu Nanzy,' just as I stacked what I bought for Amanda into my bumbag, which made a little of its chortle as I pushed them quite hard, Douglas's grin was followed, but he was never with me out of the store, like Amanda's visit.

I hoped, it would be someday, as if the gentle man with pomade and tarnished Levis in the sentient steel blue and the curly haired lady in the khaki satin dress on the convertible Ford-car for the scoop of the couple on the Times magazine, I wished someday my sister and him would be as them.

Whenever Amanda went to the haberdashery, Douglas was always with her on her return until she was safely into our house.

It had been already a big scandal in the village, but nobody knew what they were talking about. Because his ability for the language was very limited, his brain hadn't been good enough to acquire how to speak and how to write in his childhood.

Although our mother called the father a quack, there was no any other doctors except him who could maintain the best condition for Douglas.

And that image of mine, the parade of the hippos added the white duck with typical bow tie, clumsy steps next to the trudge.

Douglas's clock for his days was only with the sun and the moon, he never looked at the time on the walls as it made no sense for him and he never felt to be bored, meaning his spool in the head was not the one string.

When I asked Amanda,

'What are you with him on that way?'

She answered that they talked nothing or about Amanda's study or her favorite meals and what she had done the day, and she was pleased with the discussion because despite her stories were often the same and dull, his eyes were curious enough trying to understand the world of adventure even it was called 'routine'

by us.

Routine! I could declare that such days may have been absolutely different for each person in the village, and I and Amanda were also.

Every morning, my sister carried a pot of porridge to my father, Hubert's office behind our house and she helped his practice until the middle of the afternoon.

I saw the patients' more relaxed faces with Amanda's quiet smile under the shadow of the trees surrounding the entrance by the branches than the time as they had came there, so that Hubert proved her future for an excellent nurse.

'Amanda will be with a doctor of the husband, but Nancy is going to be with a wife of the husband', mum would be an excellent prophet and her phrase with comical anxiety was welcomed by my words,

'If I merry with my neighbor, you can save because I will borrow the containers from Ryan's bakery to carry my things.'

As I was cooked the porridge on my own, they became very raucous, shockingly playing the polyphonic sound in my mouth, some of them were beating drums with sudden cymbal before the melting viola and the harp being excessively soft for my palate with the unfair taste of sugar only for some spoons, so that I was given up with it without waiting for my mother, Lisa's re-orchestration,

'It could be only for the appetizer for my starving, if I got lovely batting, I promise to reboil it',

'Not the baseball, Nancy, play the cricket!'

Lisa's chuckling explained why the people in our place told us that I was more like mum and Amanda was more like Hubert.

However, my leather glove was with a big big thumb for the game, it would be reflecting the spotlight in the stadium of our small park in the mountain, and I was in dash over the precipice meander towards there.

Perhaps, I would flown the ball someday, slashing sound of the wooden stick, and hello to the airplane, so that Babe could found it as his 1926 series<sup>1</sup>.

One day, I was absent in school, believing that Babe was able to visit me from USA, but I didn't exactly know whether I was waiting for the hero or my classmate Fergus.

And the next day, Fergus was terrible

‘ I will tell Mrs.Clare about you.’

‘ If so, I will be on home for the Kevin’s team.’  
I retaliated.

To tell the truth, I attempted to baffle him more by revealing the secret to all the classmates that Kevin’s pitching had been burning to Fergus, yet at the moment something decided to preserve our beautiful picture, what was something? It would have been, on much larger scale, why the people in the historic photos on the old magazines were with the shining bright in the monochrome and on the other hand, it could have been the same as the Fergus’s murmuring, after all ,

‘ I was terribly worried about your absence’,  
but anyway, I should have asked to Mrs.Clare for our class newspaper to pick up for the article about Kevin’s third strike-out from Fergus, then Janet leaped to hug Kevin. Nevertheless, when I was in the box for the next, I hit a home run against Kevin,

‘ Congratulations!’

Jubilant Janet, embracing me in almost crazy.

There was a time of change on the hue in the firmament into gradually grayish and we began to think about the wider relation of things beyond our children’s world as the blue and the gray were tied together and we needed cozy supper at home after the game in the mountain, with one more friend by the lake where was in the opposite side of the field.

‘ Douglas, let’s go down to the path, Isaac was waiting for you.’  
We always gave the voice to him in near the sun set as his custom was fishing in the every afternoon as well as the delivery for the haberdashery in the neighborhood.

It was quite famous about him through the village, despite the all trouts were more clever than him for 365 days, it was utterly out of the birds' expectation on him, the birds which had the same permanence of the mind as him. However, I was absolutely promised for my expectation why Amanda's decision was on her contribution to the charity bazaar in the summer festival that of the final for her before her departure in the autumn from the village to the nurse school in the town.

Not only for our mountain 's harvest and blossom in the seasons, which everybody adored and not only for the people who were in difficult to select the suitable vase mats with the capriciously dressed petals, but also it could have been absolutely for the Douglas in the lake!

Her sonorous excuse had the truth in part, but her brilliant little sister, me got the insight being told that,

‘ Water and birds are the most wonderful for the flowers, so I will made aqua blue crochets with the patterned finches on them.’

It was on that week as soon as I found my sister with the bags of yarns from the Isaac's store and his concession to sell them by ‘ factory's price’, which might have been less than it, I was excited in jest

‘ I should have been for the factories to dye the threads’, and our clapping reactions called Hubert, the door of his office ajar, who was in the white coat came in our living room for the generous owners.

In fact, the bazaar was taken place as the charity for the patients in hospitals, thus, our father was one of the leading figure of the event for the year.

The repetitive work for the double crochet stitch and the chain stitch to make the V stitch, every day, every night.

The stitches by my sister was being exhibited as if the destiny of the shape to be conjured up, very delicate finches' wings to make also the breeze in the village, all the people may have felt it and we also put our palms onto our baseball caps and Douglas put his palm onto his sun hat.

Amanda worked incessantly for the forty mats but the day. At that evening, the dishes of meals on the table hadn't been touched by Amanda who had been contemplating since the morning. I opened the fridge door, hearing the heavy sealed detached, and the light leaked through the dim kitchen. While I was settling the plates one by one into the shelves, I remembered that the entrance of the Isaac's haberdashery didn't have the space for the vase and it had only the front door, meaning not like the Basils' newsagent whose porch was for the family. Moreover it was the reason for Douglas who was not appropriate for his safety if his house straddled the two streets. My sister's wondering might have been between her idea of the design and what I was informed by the forlorn lamp in the fridge or was there any other, far away from the vibrant appearances of our mugs?

The double stitch and the chain stitch! Their rhythm was hopped around at the day of the festival with the stalls, which were, presumably under the fancy dress-code of the fairy cakes from Ryan's bakery, sizzingly attractive fish & chips and the cans of beer from the Basils'.

I was exuberantly proud of my sister and her assistant, Mrs Doris, as the place was full of the cheerful customers and it was also because of the appealing aqua with the luxurious displays of vegetables and fruit, they were in the stream of lime or fuchsia or tomato faced - tomato making up their face, sharing the sunlight with the music on the stage where our father had just finished his commencement for the festival, the champagne flutes of tinkling clinks and the coral sparkling had accentuated the sparkling applause.

'The highest achievement of medical practice is to give the patients the necessary pleasure as we are enjoying today under the clear sky and looking up the sky without pain and agony, one of my sincere appreciations to all the participants is for your supports for what we haven't yet accomplished, thank you for your most beautiful aspect, and our glasses are for health, harvest of all the beings on the earth!'

What was more convinced me about Hubert Goswick for the day was his col-

leagues from the town, unbuttoned jackets and those creases, whose faces were slightly tinted with the bloom of alcohol surrounded by their families, there might have been only a little opportunities for them in such a relaxed joy,

‘ Miss.Goswick .’

‘ How do you do, Miss Goswick?’

I was proudly busy to curtsy to them, instead of my sister, and Janet was also excellently busy to curtsy for the circle as she was the best dancer in the park, very much of course, rigaudon<sup>2</sup> of the beautiful deer, spin and spin, those movement was distinctive as her own arrangement.

‘ Hooray!’ Whenever she tried to proceed from the steps to the turns, in the opportunity that her knees were headed for the direction ‘ Hooray! ’.

Though I expected Fergus to be mesmerized with my flared dress and my decorous curtsies, I found him among the enthusiastic spectators for the dance and I stood beside him with my plate of chips.

Mrs. Basil’s sauce was fantastic flavor of guacamole in olive worn that was as the greenish mountain, but anyway, I was not like Janet.

I never missed the Fergus’s sight when he glanced at Janet as her hands were clapped, and I had words in my mind, ‘would you mind if I ask for a little of your beer for my throat, Isaac?’.

However, I didn’t made the sound, of course, and it turned out to be correct for the following Lisa’s approach.

‘ Nancy, the thirty mats’ve been sold out for half an hour, what does it mean, Honey?’

I looked at my sister and she had already been with the carrots and the balls of the cabbage on the neighboring stall. As Lisa’s hands were powdery with the remnant of soil from the reminiscence of nature, she may have been together with Amanda for long.

‘ Where is Douglas?’

My mother’s frowning was towards Isaac.

‘ He has been in the lake as ever. He forgot about today and he is listening to nothing’.

‘ Hubert will be worry if Douglas is in the wood house.’

She was talking about the unoccupied wood shed alongside the Town Street. Ferguson glimpsed my face, perhaps for the pile of his comic magazines there.

‘ We can go there, not by dad.’

My impromptu urged Isaac’s further comment.

‘ He may be with his rod since the morning.’

Isaac might have given the Ryan’s cake to Douglas on their dinner table after the festival, and its sugary silver beads on the cream had the same reflection as what his fishing line hadn’t yet been pulled by.

He never knew about the festival and finished his day in the middle of August by going to his bed as usual. I hoped the moonlight and the cake promised his sweet dream for the night.

The buried treasure of the ten vase mats that had been kept by Amanda without having been sold increased her going out. Hubert’s office, the Edna’s entrance hall and for Mrs.Doris , whom she chose for the ten gifts were especially our neighbors who had been impossible to buy the mats in the place, with Amanda’s appreciation for the successful festival for hospitals,

‘ Thank you for the day.’

I was in the Isaac’s store for my sister who was going to put my purchased goods in her suitcase for September.

‘ These days, many customers order the things to make the similar mats as Amanda’s, but the aqua is not here until the winter.’

‘ She is leaving the town at the end of this month.’

‘ Tell her, if she can, just come here to say good-bye.’  
Isaac’s hands slightly waved.

As I closed the door of the haberdashery, I was in a little sad for the upcoming day and it was my first time that I felt so.

The Station Street led the people in the village to the town. It was too short to remember the time until the train came into the platform and it gradually became smaller and smaller with my sister inside, leaving Hubert, Lisa and I.

After that, we were in the file of the people going towards the exit in the early morning, the finches might have felt the summer’s nostalgia on the mountain.

There was no change of my new class at school, but I got the habit to look outside of the window many times during our lessons as Mrs. Clare had eventually separated my seat from Janet, and Ferguson was the other edge behind, additionally did Kevin get myopia, didn’t he?

Douglas’s delivery was obvious from my position in the class room where was in higher than the village streets.

As soon as he entered the houses, the Amanda’s vase mats can have appeared, for the next house, the third one and the fourth, within the short proximities again and again since after the festival.

‘ Why ez that?’ ,

‘ What ez that?’ ,

‘ I zee, I well azk foh et to Hamanda, zumorrow.’

Tomorrow was always perfectly fresh for him, thus such tomorrow was not on him moreover Amanda hadn’t been already in the village.

I decided to accompany with my neighbors and the only one aqua mat left in the drawer of the Amanda's vacant room never let me take action to give it to Douglas. It was almost at the same time when Douglas's enquiry got to be only 'hullo' and as the vase mats became common among the villagers.

Amanda returned to our house during her summer holiday with the white nurse wear and Hubert's office was overcrowded to approve her succeeding study. My parents' overjoy had been in every Amanda's vacation period until the year when I was nineteen and as the finches' nostalgic as five years before was with me on the train for the new life.

Janet had promised me to send the letters because she had been going to be a student of the college in not the nearest town, by her sudden wish to learn about diet nutrition with her oath,

'I will be glamorous Monroe', and what a coincidence! Kevin had been scouted to be trained for the baseball player and had gone to that place where Janet's difficult face was on the vitamin pie charts.

After I graduated my college, I and Fergus often watched together Kevin's game and I had to wonder if Janet rushed into Kevin to hug him on the ground filled with the millions of the spectators.

'If Kevin gets third strike-out, I will make proposal to you, Nancy. And Kevin has known about it.'

Terribly enough, Kevin's tension was whimsically extreme for his pal's luck, but the camera zoomed up more to his face reflecting the pitcher's excitement.

I resigned the part time employee for the accountant office to merry Fergus and returned to the village to report it during the summer, but it was not for the container from Ryan's bakery.

The Doris's house, The Ednas' house, Kevin's, Janet's mother, all of them greeted me with the tattered vase mats, some of them had been already in sepia,

'Great, darling, Nancy, welcome back to our place', after being kissed by the grey haired parents, I went to the lake.

Douglas was there, sitting on the small rise around the lake, the sun hats, the loose jacket and hanging down the fishing line from the rod, there may have been no fish to be caught by him, but many little birds surrounded him for the pure rewards as ever.

It was impossible for me to give words to him, because there was nothing continued for him and at the moments for me as well.

While I was observing him before the turquoise table cloth of water and the ones that might have been come from Amanda's crochet, chirruping our dear friend , my heart was gradually with that day of the summer festival, the most excellent cerebration in all around the world for us and our days with the whirl-gust of Kevin's pitching and slender Janet running towards me with the actresses' smile on the billboard ' Nancy, Nancy, boys've got the bundle of magazines in the wood-shed! Move on, move on, before they hide those!'

The shed had been demolished, but if it were to suddenly appear as a mirage, I would hear our exuberance for the vivid cartoons, for our dream and sarcastic thrill towards the future.

There was one new thing about Douglas, he began to have the words with Hubert .

'Hou es Hamanda?' I  
was proud of Douglas, who obtained wonderful memory about my sister.  
Nevertheless, Amanda could have hardly thought about him in her marriage life with her children and husband who was a physician in the city.

( Footnotes)

1. St.Louis Cardinals vs New York Yankees in the World Series. American base ball player Babe Ruth hit the home runs for the boy, Johnny Sylvester in hospital and visited him after the game.

2. French folk dance.

**Monday, 25 March 2013 : First Written**

**Wednesday, 23 October 2013 : Amendment**

**in Ramsgate, England**

# Daisy



## < I - Substance >

He was in more placid while he was waiting for the reaction, again happening and he actually saw it along his expectation as though he had already been dallying with the moment since his childhood, the stage of his life, it may have been waiting for him.

The two beams exhibited completely linear vectors towards the predestined fuse, and at the moment of their chemical change began, the digitized figures on the computer surged beyond common belief on the law of science, very smoothly, stream of calculation, stopped.

Mr. A, covered his body with long white coat, in his middle thirties, then his face was shined up a little, the digits of the synthesized mass of noble gas more than three times of Uranium.

It was imaginable the beehive like electron structure, he internally wafted his words on his own, ‘how does delicious honey coagulate for me’, when people deal with atomic oscillation of the Cartesian coordinate, there are cacophonous oscillated orchestra among waves, but simply, it is the gas, though very noble, indeed, the potential of existences are only the three, involving solid and liquid thus his face never lamented for the gradual decrease of the indications on the monitor. Mr.A was alone in his laboratory and he leant onto the head of iron piped chair,

and reckoned the process if the entropy went down at the peak of the mass, yet he should have bet a nano second, for only a nano second, the stability of combination was to be firmly determined.

However, he needed to persuade himself, as ever, for the end of his part since he was not allowed to work in other lab rooms in the building and his room was not for the final.

His head was clean enough to know the difference between the tense air of the deal in his small lab space, alone and humid outside after the rain, and just when his step felt the sandy residue of soaked asphalt, he was certain that he would spend familiar break henceforth in his flat room.

Looking up his face as he was walking near the corner of the town, the passers-by on the day of Christmas Eve.

It didn't take so long to recover his own rhythm of life after the release from the lab confinement.

Mr. A opened the blind in his bed room as noon hours had been already behind and the starvation to open the fridge door, such dry taste of smoke chicken, splashing sound of a can of beer, the foam on the ridge made him regret if he put back the tab, it would be losing the sparkling, nevertheless it was stood again on the cool rack and he took the blister pack out from the shelf.

He called it simply a tablet, as its name, the shape of ellipse surface on his palm was slightly rolling into the aqueduct of his throat.

The enormous high tension firstly shaking his blood pulses for approximately forty five minutes, euphoric moments always promised him the wonderful second by second, the activation of nerve because it told him that the more his body moved, every pleasure of every experience of lives came at once, which one should he do, and actually, what? And he never knew the reason of his continuous giggling whether it was for ejaculation of his penis, many times, a box of tissue papers had been already empty.

The pristine tiredness ushered him tenderly into his bed.

His living place was established well with the small amount of furniture settled all commodities inside, there was none on the wall and the carpet had the brushed appearance.

Especially, his single bed was skilled by himself, reflective bed spread and whiffing valance were neatly consisted the stratification, as his childhood, his mother had told him at hotels, regardless, the three stars or four stars, on her pushing the mattress, ‘ This will be a good stay’.

Until his sleep, he enjoyed serene strings of daguerreotype in the air, and it suddenly had the words like, ‘This will be a good stay’, celestial memory from somewhere and cloudy sense of the packed feathers.

Mr. A had bought the tablets just after the Christmas as he had been done so in every year, by visiting the Old Guy, the Creator of the small medicine.

The man who was appeared to be seventy years old lived in his own building containing many laboratories in the suburban area.

The complete off- white stood still in the center of the wide acres and whenever Mr. A came the place, he had the way by heart towards the entrance for him, which the intermingled electrical cords in the context of the sky had the specified pattern of crossing each other.

The Old Guy invited him into his minimalistic simple living room, the alignment of phials and any equipment were little inconsistent as well as the clinical fragrance from him, tall, gentlemanly roughness and some eccentricity may have been for his longevity.

His murmuring telling about the tablet was, whenever, without being known all of it, without wearing out for the story.

‘ Amphetamine and cocaine is the king and queen and opium is the high priest. If they tame the minstrel, it sings a song for their sleep. While they are in sleep what would you like to do?

Yet, anyway, the three in the castle work together, but not at the same time. they are mutually tugged or in other words, tandem.

You know, the king loves the queen, thus put the carrion into his mouth at first and the queen next tastes it.

Do you know the minstrel's song for tonight?

No, you never know because nobody know it except me, only by me, what is the best depressant to be mixed.

The power of the downer effects exponentially goes down and down and down ..... It is easy to climb up the ceiling for the dine hall, the auditorium like.., it should be, not for the cathedral high up to the heaven.'

The Old Guy coughed for his laugh.

' I am sorry, we are very sorry for that we can't resist the determined bottom and my farmers have been yearning for the artificial soil for hundreds miles of crops, opium, coca tree and the thing for depressant, but it never mean, I have forgotten the wheat for my Daisy's bread.'

Daisy was the Old Guy's adapted daughter, being said to be that she had just started her college days.

They stayed the Christmas together with the tablets.

' The miracle of, that is the my bottom upwards.'

He closed his eyes a little, but Mr. A thought like blinks and they were mutually so kind that were nearly chuckled.

' As I saw Daisy's whimpering song, everybody know that song for Eve, flirting with the baubles, I went out the room to bring the swab and sampling spatula from my lab.

The dim corridors were completely ignored by me, the maze of my building, but as if the shining Christmas trees in everywhere, warmly lighting me.

On my return to our bed room I hold her " Don't play the spectrum." Her trilling pleasure had been since I scolded at her and we prayed for us on the bed, naked.

The mine wanted to insert more the spatula her inside than by itself and she always much trills for it.

Would you like to see our Christmas card ? It's from me to Daisy.'

**" Merry X' mass.**

***This is the day of the New Testament, we are in journey to Bethlehem.***

***Over the summit after the valley, we are once again at the top of the mountain look over and see the ground towards the future, there is flourishing crops, we may catch the fish in the middle of the way. We are on the camels, having the flasks of water hanging from our shoulders, the snakes navigate us towards where the Son was born. The snakes live in our head of Eden.”***

‘ It is as the digging on the molecules of the ink, and arriving at the pulp structure of the paper to find what the fibers of the cellulose have.

It is solid, but very melting soul and stabilizes the mind of lattice.

When our minds have physical figures like that, as language, thought it often tells lie, but also the lie has the untold truth.

I like such phase of human creature, as if children’s plodding words of picture, every human was primitive children, I think, it is necessary, not only for my taste. This is the picture book-like card.

Merry Christmas, range of summit like “M”, electron going, going towards, can you see, crops of the two “r”s, and the camel of ‘m’ was for our move, where will the two snakes, “s”, “s” take us to?

Have we already met at the point of X?

And are we going home?

Oh, sorry, sorry, I know your lab, I know well, come up stairs and I will show you the spectrum of the tablet.’

The narrow way was directly access to the Old Guy’s lab and Mr. A couldn’t see the other places of the building.

The cumbersome tanks, the fat tubes of the structure and the monitors, the squared jigsaws had perfectly completed the Fourier transform in corporeal, such a room of gas chromatography, the purities peaks prohibited from, such as the cocaine being brought back to the sea as the fish not preferred to snort the salty snow.

‘ Exact measurement is resulted in the successful architectural ceiling and the ground, it shouldn’t cause synergism, but it ought to have soothing melliferous synthesis, for example, the each three runner in a relay runs at the same speed, but their baton change its color in each turn.

The white one to the red one and the baton becomes pale pink and the next giving it to the blue one is to be violet and so on.’

The Old Guy glimpsed at the direction of the screens.

‘ That system of spectrometry works for almost 100 % of accuracy for the limit.

Incredible accuracy is guaranteed only by the figures, as it were, every human being has had the sense of arithmetic since they were born.

Can you imagine the artificial control on the eternity and it turns out to be the most Epicurean moment?’.

Mr. A woke up every morning because he lived in the correct architecture. And after a month of his own days, he heard the phone ringing to tell him from his lab office,

‘ The honey has been coagulated.’

The zipper’s abrupt teeth, what he ought to put in, but the office’s implication ‘as usual’, only required him the regulated preparation.

Just as he turned off the water boiler, he set the mind more for it than extinguishing the lightings in his flat rooms.

## < II - Confession >

‘They said that my honey had been coagulated, and the “ Cotton Rabbit” had been put under the ground of the desert and we need to fire the detonator, where ninety miles away from our lab. I was jubilant when I heard so.

“ Cotton Rabbit” was the name for the atomic bomb, it had been named by Mr. B as his own words on the car, he spoke to me,

“ That’s the state of the art bomb, though only the size of six inches long and four point five kilogram, cotton like, having long eared patches. When it is fired, it jumps upward with incredible power. The rabbit is utterly elegant without melting rotten skins and bones since the radiation going vertically, breaking through the final sphere on the earth’s atmosphere.

Then, what happens, hollow earth and leaking gravity, the everything on the area absorbed into the space with the radioactive destruction. There is nothing after all, except the huge hole on the soil moreover even any contamination can’t remain.

However, I am the second for the rabbit, if I know the rabbit’s husband, I will suggest him to take advantage of the cosmic gamma ray, because the power of the sun and water have been already terrible anachronism. Can human vanish the universe at all, or I should say, can the infinite existence vanish or rather . . . , can I swap my wife with the rabbit?””.

Mr. A cut his words for a moment and think about this rainy cloudy day, if nature made trick to hide the things, no, he selected the day because the sunshine was always sadly transparent thus the exposed beauty of where he lived. A table, two chairs and a coffee machine, there was no excess in this room, Mr. A liked this sense of void except the sound of the recording machine as if the storm in far distance, the squared space was monitored with the camera.

‘ On my arrival at our building, I was provided the anti radiation suit and asked if I was accustomed with wearing the suit, I answered yes. The suit was very heavy, but it was not supposed to be dragging or rather touching the floor and I was careful for that.

The person in military uniform with sunglasses and the cap on his head, whom I hadn’t seen before navigated me to the small room and ordered to wear it in front of him, accordingly the official way, but no requirement for declaring my name and the lab identity shown because I was going to be called Mr. A henceforth.

He unfolded the frames to sit and I stood up before him.  
I started it by my barking,

“ Mr. A, facing to the north looking at the sir’s face, the mask and gloves on the east, the shoes on the west.”

I placed each wear-parts by oral identification like that.

As soon as I attached the mask to my face, he took a pill, and promised,

“ This will take my memory about your face”.

I was explained about the project,

“ The whole process is confidential.

There are three people with you, all of you shouldn’t talk except the necessary case.

They have already worn the masks, thus your features are never known.

The masks are not taken away until you are in the individual circumstances.

Mr. A, you are the driver and the guy on the passenger seat belongs to the same senior rank for this project as you are, he may have the name as Mr. B, and the other two juniors are distinguished as the eleven and twelve, but they have the same code name, called Thomas.

If you, seniors give Thomas any commands, both of them or either of them follow those in the most practical and appropriate ways.

The three members take sleeping pills except you, and they are not going to open their eyes until you arrive.

You can only rely on the sat nav in the car that has been already programmed for the direction.

You are impossible to arrange the nav and if you had trouble with it, then you are looking at the red cap on the right hand bottom of the nav, pull it away with squeeze and press the send – button inside and you should abandon the car as well as divest your suit to leave it as well, in this case, please forget the project.” I was imposed to resist a sigh till his final comment calmed my muscle, “ The someone has the remote controller for the detonation, and it has so simple surface that you need not the manual”.

It was presumably one afternoon, the thoroughfare in the town seemed to be sufficed with many pedestrians.

I felt undisruptive traffic lights rayed for our sat nav, there was a sort of harmony among them and I was aware that they were linked in some ways.

Almost interesting to say, the more stark monotonous accuracy was required under such duty, the more, rather fundamental part of mine to look for the intuitive essence emerged, you know, city is generally the place for intersection between organic air and fluid of the people's mind, yet I felt that I shouldn't and I deliberately avoided knowing a person or people who were crossing the zebra, very loyal to the lights.

The rare view mirror visualized the childish sleep of the two Thomases, plunged into the minivan seat, all the windows were sealed firmly by the blinds.

We were made difference with the badges, the juniors didn't have, but we had. I had the shape of alphabet T slanted at right angle by its foot towards east clipped on, and towards west for Mr.B.

When we met first, the two juniors declared their identity and shook their hands with each of us,

“Junior eleven, Thomas, good to see you Mr. A and Mr.B”.

I felt the junior eleven was not English native as his talk was little clumsy, presumably from somewhere in Europe and he wouldn't understand complicated discussion among us, seniors.

The junior twelve had a black face, clear mask covering one third of the face had the sight for him.

He may have been smiled a little, amiable eyes, and let me got the idea if he was the youngest as his first field experience, was he a doctor?

Because it was appeared that he couldn't keep his manner stiff whenever his introductory meetings with the people.

Anyway, there was no difficulty to distinguish the juniors.

I remembered that it was something like a market store slightly obsoleted, and again, interruption about, may be it was called slushy feeling about us, creature like ..., being born, repetitions of every days towards, your marriage ceremony

and it ends, your child birthdays and it ends, your children end their school and it ends and you retire from work, and it ends, while you or your wife go shopping there every days, we may call it happiness, have you ever flipped through the book of history?

As the sceneries were passing through the sides of my driving seat, the store serviced as the border between the city and the way to the highway, where the numbers of people gradually decreased and there was the road sign surrounded with deciduous trees and I wondered, what did the sign say, despite it was nothing to do for the sat nav.

On the mountain range was exhibited over the sky, the road became sandy and arid, the expected silence during the drive was betrayed by Mr.B. His glittering eyes and continuous spitting talk testified that he had got wrong pill. However, I couldn't dislike him as his charm, whose expression about every grandiose of science as though jokes and kid's play. He had more excitement for the power of the bomb than the horribleness, in particular. His mental status was quite normal as the creator just before the outcome as well as the laughable trick for the intake, only among the genuine professionals, or by his own?

After for a few minutes of silence, Mr. B began to pour his words, slowly, he was not on his normal tempo and asked me,

“ Do you know the Old Guy’s tablet? ”.  
I shrugged.  
Mr. B continued,

“ That’s great, the chain reaction of the efficacy, you know, the cocks for thirty minutes, making me crying out for a rabbit like sweetie.

I went to the Old Guy’s lab, nearly in the end of the last year. I loved the place to say Hi! to him and Daisy, you know, his rabbit, daughter, Daisy.”  
I was quizzical to hide my curiosity.

“ Twenty-one years old, image of a white rabbit, when rabbits are relaxing, after eating carrots, they stay rest with their body like cotton ball ..., except, half of her face has the burnt wart that is approximately three inches from her jaw to the neighboring tear duct. I am not sure why.

Everybody is surprised as I say, I know the many rooms in the Old Guy’s building, the living room for his buyers, his and Daisy’s labs, and so on.

I’m gonna seriously joking about Daisy’s snack for her cup of tea. Actually, no, not for her cup of tea, but she had the castles of jars and cases in her lab.”

“ Entomology?”

“ Yes, Mr. A that’s correct, you are not dumb, bingo, darling. You may be hit your ass for talking necessarily Entomology during this project, but you are correct, she had heaps of mosquitos for her breeding and feed with rats. That was the prison of harmful blood donors. It is not the same as the system of photosynthesis, but the blood is actually cycled by them, by means of their saliva to block the hemostasis, causing inflammation and itchy feeling.

If you look at them carefully, they have a slight characteristic for each.

I am absolutely disgusting the ones which have long lanky legs with that fashionable pattern on their bodies, and they never stop that spring coil like bounding on their own, preying for pristine living vertebrates.

Normally, people can’t define the eggs, but people never touch the creepy as if they have ever observed the proceeding process of their metamorphosis. And the multiplications cause panic attack on us, even the tough Old Guy once made the funny on me,

“ Believe me, I have never ever tasted that jars, strawberry or marmalade!

Welcome to the Daisy’s art room.”

The Old Guy invited me to the place.

“ She controls for every hours in everyday from ventilator, temperature, those are depending on the weather, despite such development of any habitation, the

fact is how influences of the weather in nature over the dens. However, they are established very well and they seldom pass away unless it is, such as, crushed.

Cerebrated creature, because their death is almost a moment, the way of death is not in option for all but suicide.

I don't want to be gone by asphyxia, if it was possible, yet mosquitoes are almost predestined to a moment of death with a moment of loss of oxygen, if there is no sense of suffocation, it is not asphyxia.””

On the day, Daisy was not in the building.

The Old Guy stood up from the couch in his lab telling me to follow him, and he addressed me that he was very pleased to meet me at the end of the year and he really wished my happy new year.

He went down spiral stairs towards the basement where I had already known what was there.

His building had the minor system of radiation on the BI floor for more detailed quantification of the tablet.

Delicacy of the nuclear magnetic resonance, you may be well familiar, Mr. A, such as, you are like me now, and I am like you, and on the end of this project, we become alone and sometimes recall about this project, have you ever thought about the memory of resonance?

The Old Guy got down lower than usual then.

There was nothing on the B2, except the iron door spaced for one person.

He unlatched it and opened in creaking.

I saw the stark soil spread in front of me, where the pale almond colored earth was tussocky, unwaveringly as there was no breeze as well as bulldozer standing still, nodding still.

““ Here is our landfill.””

The Old Guy.

““ Since we don't often use syringes directly into human skin for that, and this acres have approximately decades of capacity, yet if it rains, the soil is wet favorably for Daisy's mosquitoes and their eggs.””

We observed the land for a while and suddenly, we felt somebodies on the field, not near from us, but I can't remember whether we actually caught their figures. The Old Guy questioned me if I wanted to stay there and waited for him as the uncertain visitors wanted to talk with him, but he had to avoid.

He warned, in the case that I was together with him, we were to be a little quick.

“ I will be with you”.

The Old Guy had never spoken something important all at once and I was required to bring the things together on my mind what he had informed of me since a few years before.

The point was the depressant for the tablet.

Some people'd been in search for where the Old Guy'd been getting the main components of the depressant.

In other words, where the manufacturing country for the ingredient was.

They were going to cause intentional war or trouble with the country to stop the production, and the conditions on the Old Guy were said to be promised to be rewarded enough for him, but his rejection was stiff.

He took a round the building with me and pressed the button on the wall.

The door was immediately permitting us to enter and soon closed.

I felt strange comfort from the fastened air, it was spacious squared box and the motoring sound indicated that the cozy time couldn't be not so long maintained.

We were lifted up directly to the floor of the Old Guy's lab.

He explained me that he needed the time for minutes, by asking me to prepare for my car and gave me a small pistol from his drawer, he had another as well.

The crick of magazine shut his talk.

I walked through familiar corridors as if nothing had been happened so far, and if I were to see the visitors on my way, I decided to say hello and only in the case of their intimidation and their weapons, I would change myself.

My right hand was in my pocket and the safety lever had already been disengaged. You may laugh, perhaps, I had even pulled the slide, in fact I sometimes do for my job and whenever I am in such situation, my nerve is pulsing a bit if my cock might be, someday, burst away accompanying with my right leg.

But, luckily, nobody interrupted me to get on the car and turned the key for the engine and just after the reverse motion I heard the pot shots.

I put on a spurt towards the entrance of the building, screeching, squeaky howling and abrasions of the tire treads.

I was imposed my own limits as soon as I realized the existence of the rifles on the visitors' shoulders, reflecting from the cornering spot.

All the events happened as if the piling bricks, purely for the accumulating process of the fate, there was only a hunger for survival, escapism, away from pains, how can human go against it, should I behave precisely, exactly?

If so, what would you said about the exactly and the precisely?

My sight, firstly caught nothing but the Old Guy standing before the exit and I wished if the accelerator had been put into the abyss, yet we, humans are very odd enough as I was able to maintain the conscious for vision, emerging, again and again in my mind, the shining glider that was about to flying over the sky, where it would return to the sun, of the Old Guy's statue like, his motion completely halted.

Merely a second, I needed only this at the moment, but I noticed the muzzle aiming at my car and took handle to swerve, even I didn't know whether the bullet scratched the bonnet, and I was settled almost the position where the other car had been parked for the timing.

The head of the black saloon snatched up the Old Guy and crushed into the building, burying more than the half of its metal body.

After the gems of debris, there were the seismic tremors and roaring, finally the hulky flame got everything away.

Ironically, I was spared by the sniper's shot as my car skidded towards the opposite of the building.

The basement floors were never discovered, concealed deeply under the ground.

I was questioned simply after all, and returned to my own lab ..., subpoena, or any other difficult things were relied on my lab belongs to.

Sorry, for that, it can be hard to get the tablets since the Old Guy's death." ,

Temporal gaze at the sergeant, because Mr. A had to confirm his reaction, whose attempt of agape, but soon closed again his lips and sipped the cup, instead the reeling sound made minute husky voice. Mr. A shouldn't have minded for that under the absolute condition of mutual compensation between the degree of high confidentiality and necessity to be filed.

‘ Mr. B was becoming reserved and he unwound himself for the rest of the time until our vehicle arrived.

However, there were the lees of his words, downing into the passenger seat.

“ The Old Guy’s rugged skinny hand sometimes conjuring up in my mind, and he pulled a hand gun, clumsily one by one, eighty years old, scum for life? Being surrounded by the smooth polished automatic rifles.

Have you thought ever before, he was not the same age with us, but something, I couldn’t have thought the fact until then.

Whenever the scene comes on me, I make effort for the idea, that there is the tangent for the geometrical figures while the things are turning around, the Euclid has the very kind taste for us, isn’t it?”

The sat-nav announced the arrival with the mechanical voice, and our car drew affordable circle, fragmented, ditty sensation below my feet and came to the quietude -itself against the engine noise.

I was taking casual observation while waiting for the team awakens.

The camels on the desert, the camels in the Old Guy’s story telling, just as I hoped so, when my conscious was temporally vulnerable for the climax of this conduct and I was completely captured the sphere of me aloof, striving to define if the ones with the water were on the quadrupled entourage, the juniors started rustling with their protective suits.

“ Good morning Mr. A, Junior 11, ready.”

“ Good morning Mr. A, Junior 12, ready.”

I knocked Mr.B’s kneepad, incredible quick raise,

“ Ready, Mr. B is ready”

and finally my throat tensed,

“We are to be ready for the controller.”

There was no vibration in the air because nobody unveiled it.

“ Launcher”,

Mr.B cut the sharp command.

“ Launcher, sir”,

the junior 11 shown the small attaché by both of his hands.

Thanks to the pure English.

It was just the size for the compact case, with one lever and four main lamps having two small lights in red and green each of its sides, then soon appeared that the lever was for the initial procedure and there was the fuse button to finish it.

Mr.B gazed at me and I pulled the bar that was rather weighty.

After the two small lights experienced seconds of flashing, the main lamp got the icy gleam, next to next, 1-2-3-4.

Mr.B pressed the fuse button, by way of his knuckle sturdy curve, it was as if the kid immersed a portion of fruit into the grass.

His action meant the nuclear fission would be within four seconds, 4-3-2-1, the main lamps began losing their illuminations for each one-second.

Nothing happened.

Presumably, we had been wearing the masks for it, since when?

Our destination for return was input by one of the Thomases.

Every member folded their arms before their chests, heads back and uncertain status of intentions were barely within the vehicle whether they were dropping their eyelids.

The car made the four stops in total.  
At the first place, the junior 12 fare-welled us and for the next, the junior 11...

Shaking his hand with me, Mr.B patted my shoulder, and knuckled again his finger, perhaps he was timidly loosening his visage.

I was alone in terminus, the lab building, the sun set was amber, 1-2-3-4-12, round and round, it was just a simple one-way rounded lonesome vector'.

‘ So that..’ The sergeant had actually definite utterance from his throat and posed them in order to smash his own cheek.

A little maroon colored blemish and a tiny thread of the dead insect on his palm.

‘ So that ,,,,’

‘ So that,’

‘ So.’

There was no more inflammation of the sergeant’s expression, but his eyes were becoming dilated, Mr. A also felt the change of his breathing.

‘ Are you all right sir?’

The regulation of the second hands on the clock, this was why Mr.A could know the every movement of the sergeant who picked the gun from his trousers with the shaking grip.

Mr.A was completely inert, as the time realistically didn’t exist for long. The trigger and the barrel followed the sergeant’s involuntary mortar actions and the time also didn’t exist for Mr.A to be astonished for the explosive hammer as he misunderstood for his stretching lung to be making the sensation.

It echoed twice through the security agency office and when the door was opened, the two bodies were lying.

The rectangular leather card case in khaki on the floor, exhibited upward, which the Mr. A’s hesitation what face he should have made wearing the white collar on the photo.

The stylistic signature indicated, the guy who had been called, Tom, during his life.

**< III - Epilogue >**

The junior eleven and the junior twelve had been already not the juniors.  
The silence entirely occupied inside the car.  
Enchanting countenance from the mask, he had perhaps cured many suffering ones, and the other whose little bulky English hadn't been heard until the final call for 'ready'.

They were viewing the lights that were orderly losing their flitting.

' 4-3-2-1'.

**Fin**

**10/22/13 12:51:19 AM**

**in Ramsgate, England**

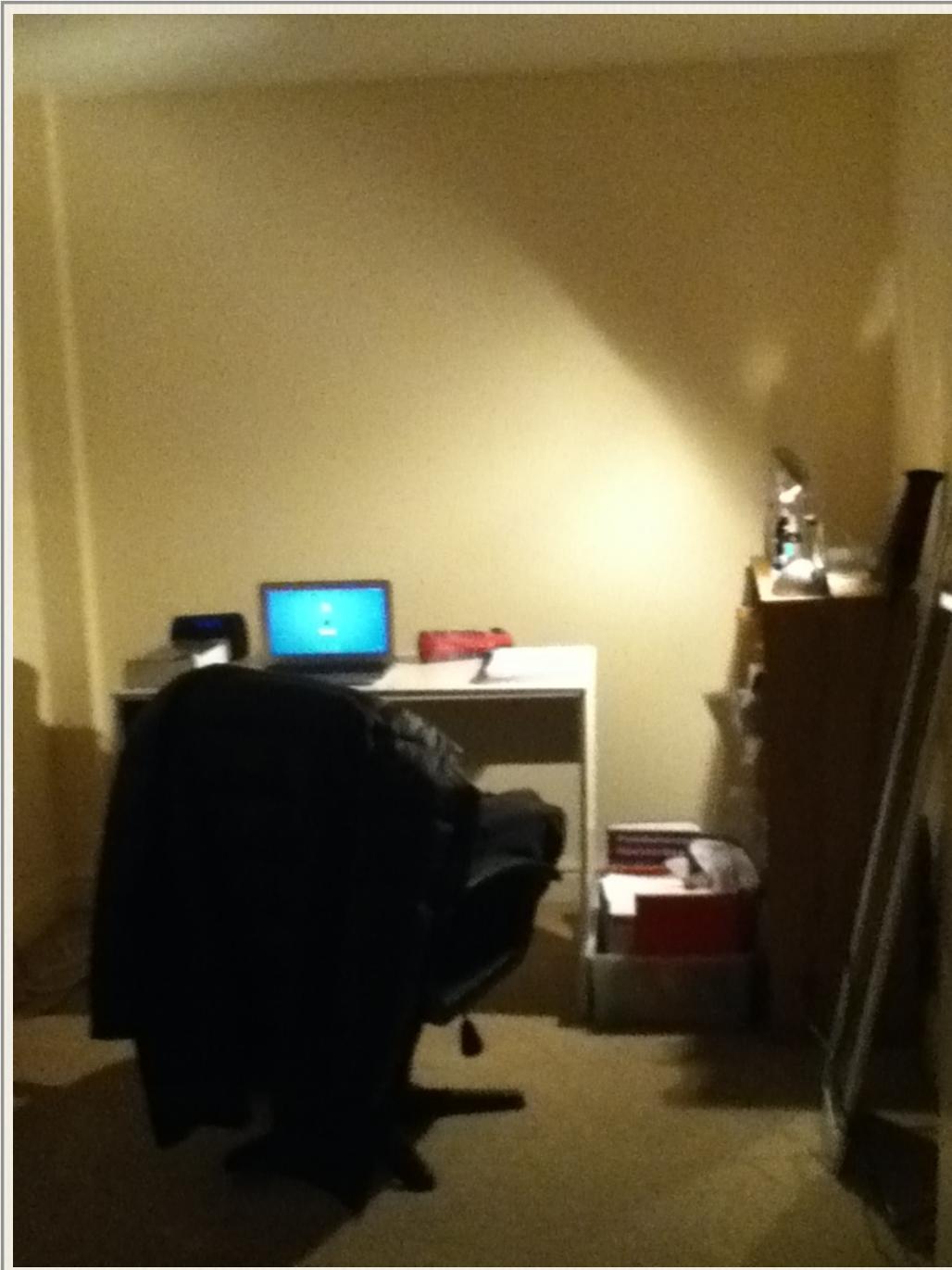
# *( Profile / Sachiko Tamaki )*

May, 1975- Born in Japan

September, 2011- Stay in England

Winter, 2013 - 'Academic Essays'/ Sachiko  
Tamaki, published online

February, 2014 - Travel to Switzerland, and  
stay in Geneva and Zurich



Sachiko.T's writing room in Ramsgate, England.  
( Winter, 2013 )

